My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my vnſpotted fire of Loue to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the ſharpeſt blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning aduice; read the concluſion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before, thou thy ſelfe ſhalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all ſaid yet, thou proue proſperous,
Of all ſaid yet, I wiſh thee happineſſe.

Per. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aske aduice of any other thought,
But faithfulneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers fleſh which did me breed:
I ſought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a father.
Hee's father, ſonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe;
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will liue, reſolue it you.

Sharpe phyſicke is the laſt; but O you powers!
That giues heauen countleſſe eyes to view mens actes,
Why cloud they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to reade it,
Faire glaſſe of light, I lou'd you and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing ſinne within, will touch the gate:
You are a faire Vyoll, and your ſence the ſtrings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw heauen downe, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at ſo harſh a chime:

Good

Good ſooth, I care not for you.

Anti. Prince *Pericles*, touch not vpon thy life
For that's an article within our Law,
As dangerous as the reſt: your times expirde
Either expound now, or receiue your ſentence.

Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the ſinnes they loue to acte,
T'would braid your ſelfe too neare for me to te
Who hath a booke of all that Monarchs do,
Hee's more ſecure to keepe it ſhut, then ſhewn
For vice repeated, is like the wandring winde,
Blowes duſt in others eies, to ſpread it ſelfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eies ſee cleare
To ſtop the aire would hurt them, the blinde M
Copt hils toward heauen, to tell the earth is thr
By mans oppreſſion, and the poore worme doth
Kings are earths Gods: in vice their law's thei
And if *Ioue* ſtray, who dares ſay, *Ioue* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worſe to ſm
All loue the wombe that their being bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue to loue my hea

Ant. Heauen that I had it; he has found the
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Ty*
Though by the tenour of your ſtrict edict,
Your expoſition miſ-interpreting,
We might proceed to counſell of your daies;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo faire a tree,
As your faire ſelfe, doth tune vs otherwiſe:
Forty daies longer we do reſpite you,
If by which time our ſecret be vndone,
This mercy ſhewes, wee'l ioy in ſuch a ſonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine ſhall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

Manet Peric

Per. How courteſie would ſeeme to couer ſi